

*The history*

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)

Your *quand m* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,  
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.

*Hect.* O pardon, I offend.

*Nest.* I haue thou gallant Trojan seene thee oft,  
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,  
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee  
As hot as *Persus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,  
Despising many forsaits and subduments,  
When thou hast hung th'advanced sword ith'ayre,  
Not letting it decline on the declined,  
That I haue said to some my standers by,  
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.  
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,  
But this thy countenance still lockt in Steele,  
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,  
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,  
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,  
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,  
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.

*Aene.* Tis the old *Nestor*.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old *Chronide*,  
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,  
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am g'ad to claspe thee.

*Nest.* I would my armes could match thee in contention,

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha? by this white beard I'de fight with thee to morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.

*Vls.* I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,  
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?

*Hect.* I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,  
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,  
In Illion on your Greekish enbassie.

*Vls.* Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

My prophetic is but halfe his iourney yet,  
For yonder walls that perty front your towne,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,  
Must kisse their owne feete.

*Hect.* I must not belecue you,  
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,  
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,  
A drop of Grecian bloud: the end crownes all,  
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

*Vls.* So to him we leaue it.  
Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:  
After the Generall, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:  
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.  
I haue with exact view perused thee *Hector*, & quoted ioynt.

*Hect.* Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

*Hect.* Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay I haue done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brieft, I will the second time,  
As I would bue thee, view thee lim by lim,

*Hect.* O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:  
But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,  
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

*Achil.* Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,  
That I may giue the locall wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
*Hectors* great spirit flew: answer me heauens.

*Hect.* It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question: stand againe,  
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead.

*Achil.* I tell thee yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,  
I'de not belecue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

For